

It Feels like Home

by coralozar

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Summary: It felt good to wake up like this. Wrapped in the warmth of her husband's embrace feeling loved and protected. Just the way she wants to wake up every morning. Post 8x08.

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Rating: (T) It's alright for teens I guess, they know their body parts, right?

Disclaimer: I am not the owner of Castle, I just write for fun.

**Summary: **It felt good to wake up like this. Wrapped in the warmth of her husband's embrace feeling loved and protected. Just the way she wants to wake up every morning. Post 8x08.

**Author's Note: **This is my first fic in english & i'm not a Native speaker so pardon my mistakes.

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><p>It was just so different to wake up like this. Wrapped up in the warmth of her husband's embrace, the strength of his arms around her making her feel missed, loved, and protected.</p>

This is the place and the way she wants to wake up every morning for the rest of her life, no more running away.

Last night she finally came to her senses and realized how much she needed him, how mistaken, blind and stubborn she'd been for keeping him in the dark about LockSat and breaking his heart along the

way.

He deserved better, she knew.

The room is still dark and the sound of his slow, deep breathing serves as a reminder of just how exhausted he was after all the punishment from the night before. They both had been eager to love each other again in the sanctity of their bedroom with no more secrets in between, no need to call a time out and part ways. But her alarm would set off any moment now and she didn't want to leave before speaking to him and reassuring her love with the press of her lips to his.

Castle lets out groan of displeasure when she pushes him away to roll and face him but he doesn't open his eyes, just pulls her in a tight embrace again and buries his face in her hair, comforted by the soft smell of cherries lingering under his nose.

"Rick," she whispers, drawing circles with her fingers over his chest up to his clavicle. "Castle, I have to get up. Have to go get some clothes and then head to work." She hates that she has to leave so soon because really, after all this time apart, she just wants to stay here and revel in the feel of him underneath her, the slow caressing of his hands on her hips while he guides their movements and she gasps his name, scraping her nails over his chest and last night was just not enough.

She left him in the dark for weeks, all alone in their house, their bed, their life. And now she wants to claim back what's hers, remind him that she loves him like she's never loved any other man, that he makes her better and how could she be so blind? She's only ever wanted the best for him, her best self for him.

He grumbles in response and mumbles something like can't-you-call-in-sick? I don't want you to go, and that just manages to break her heart a little bit.

Of course he would ask her to stay.

"Babe, I would love that, but I really need to at least check my phone andâ€œ!" she doesn't get to finish when suddenly he's moving to place his full body on top of hers and his hands start roaming her silhouette. One hand griping her hip while the other travels up her side, fingers brushing its way past her ribs over the curve of her breast to her clavicle and down again to rest over her bullet scar, feeling the strong, fastening beat of her heart against his palm.

He kisses her slowly, thoroughly, like he is pouring all the love he couldn't give her these past few weeks, like he is trying to erase the memory of what it was like not to kiss her every morning. And of course she kisses him back just the same way, giving as much as she takes, locking her arms around his neck, roaming his back and pressing him closer to her. Their bodies are so close and she gasps, tries to breath normally, think normally and she really needs to get up and going or she'll be late for work but Castle's mouth feels so good and it's not like she has to explain her schedules to anyone being Captain and all.

Castle feels the change in her mood and gets braver, caresses getting bolder as he lets go of her lips and attacks her neck just for a

moment before he continues his way down her throat where he sucks hard enough to leave a mark but it's okay, she can cover it with most of her shirts, or those pretty dresses she's been wearing lately.

Kate's hands grip Castles hair and murmurs her approval at his clever mouth traveling further south. His hands traveling north to cup her breasts and mold them, rub and pinch her nipples until she starts to make those little noises at the back of her throat and oh, yeah.

She is definitely going to be late for work.

End
file.